

## Spirit of the Age.

Woodstock, Vermont  
(Established 1840.)

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EDWARD C. DANA,

Editor and Publisher

Woodstock, Vt., Nov. 18, 1911

The Boston American for Sunday, Nov. 12, has a three or four column article by one Frank Dallan on the hamlet of Briggs, its whereabouts and its alleged decline, which he doubtless thinks is funny. Some of the best and kindest people we have ever known were born and brought up in Briggs. Briggs is still on the map and there are some good people there yet—Standard.

The Standard takes life seriously. And it is useless to attempt to discredit Lieutenant Dallan's discovery or to dispute the accuracy of his records. He was the first man on the job and the proofs of his achievement are accessible to all.

### The Governorship.

Mr. Fletcher of Cavendish has formally announced his candidacy for governor; and has outlined his views concerning the progress and well being of the state which he hopes to govern.

Mr. Fletcher would have more publicity; urges the further development of Vermont's highways for the benefit of our own people as well as tourists, the general adoption of modern and profitable methods of cultivating the soil and further utilization of our much wasted water power.

No fault is to be found with Mr. Fletcher's views, which are progressive and at the same time conservative enough to suit all his Republican friends, including most of the office holders in the state. It is a pleasure to note that he doesn't fall back on any platform for strength and inspiration.

In the meantime the friends of Mr. DeBoer of Montpelier, who has before said that he would accept the Republican nomination for governor, but wouldn't neglect his life insuring business to secure it, are getting demonstrative. A DeBoer boom has been launched in Bethel, in Mr. Fletcher's own county; in Montpelier a mass meeting, bursting with some beautiful resolutions, has been held for the promotion of his candidacy, and now it is even reported that while he will not conduct a personal canvass he may talk to the voters of the state occasionally upon burning issues of the day.

Perhaps Mr. DeBoer is going to run after all; if not he should at once turn the hose on his excited friends.

### In the November Sky.

In November the planets Venus, Mars and Saturn are of special interest. Venus is of great brilliancy as seen in the morning. It rises on the first at 2.35 a. m. and on the 30th at 2.50 a. m. On the 26th it reaches its greatest apparent distance from the sun and begins slowly to draw near the sun, at the same time diminishing in brightness. It will be conspicuous in the early morning for several months.

Mars is the brilliant red star near the Pleiades and Hyades, and is seen in the east each evening after the twilight fades. It is nearest the earth on the 17th and in opposition to the sun on the 24th.

Saturn is the planet, quite solitary as far as neighboring stars are concerned, 23 degrees farther west than Mars in the constellation Aries. On the 10th it is in opposition to the sun. It is moving slowly westward among the faint stars in that part of the sky.

Jupiter cannot be seen this month, it is lost in the sun's rays.

Mercury is in the west after sunset, near the sun, and getting farther away from its beams. On the 30th it sets 40 minutes after the sun, but will be more readily found a week later in December.

The planet Uranus is in the constellation Sagittarius, low in the southwest after sunset, and therefore not well placed for observation.

Moonlight comes this month in the first ten evenings and again in the last week.

A special characteristic of November is the frequency of shooting stars. They may be seen any evening and are more numerous in the early mornings about the 14th and 15th, when the earth crosses the belt in which the meteors known as Leonids are moving.

## AN EXCITING RAILWAY RIDE

Thrilling Experience of a Wartime Paymaster.

In the autumn of 1863 I was ordered as a paymaster in the United States army to take \$100,000 from Cincinnati to the Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga. Wheeler's cavalry was at that time anywhere and everywhere between me and my destination, and, of course, if we happened to meet any of the detachments it would be a great gain to the Confederacy and a great loss to the Union.

I reached Nashville safely and deposited the safe containing the money in the bank. In the evening it was taken out through the back door, sent to a train of freight cars standing in the yard of the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad and stowed away under the coal in the locomotive's tender. There were but half a dozen cars, and these were empty. Tim Sullivan, an enlisted man in the Ohio Infantry and a locomotive engineer who had been running on the road since the capture of the country and knew the track well, was to carry me through. He was recommended as perfectly reliable, and as I did not care to trust any one else with the secret I doffed my uniform, put on a pair of overalls and acted as fireman.

When we pulled out of the Nashville station the locomotive headlight showed several men standing together beside the track watching our departure. Sullivan looked at me, and when I asked him if anything was wrong he replied, "Dunno." The truth was he suspected our secret was out. I felt very uncomfortable and wished my superiors had not sent me without a guard.

A week's rain had ceased and left a clear sky, a bright moonlight night, so that we could see almost as well as in daytime. We had no sooner left the outskirts of Nashville than Sullivan put on enough steam to run at forty miles an hour—his time for a southern railroad in those days, especially through a hostile country. We did not meet an obstacle or a suspicious circumstance till we had passed more than half our journey, when we began to go down grade for several miles, with the prospect of having to do as much up grade after reaching bottom. We had made about a mile of the decline when a brakeman shouted:

"There's a train behind, comin' like lightning!"

"How do you know?" asked Tim.

"Seen it in the moonlight."

"See a headlight?"

"There ain't no headlight. It's freight cars; must have broken loose."

"Well, there's a switch at the bottom. We'll have to make it before they catch us."

He hooked up to the first notch and threw the throttle wide open. The engine made a jump, and before we could say "Jack Robinson" we were tearing down the grade at sixty miles an hour. We hadn't far to go, but the question was whether the locomotive would stick to the rails. She swayed and pitched and shuddered and shook like a ship in a gale. We shot over a bridge and out where we could look behind, and there was the cursed train coming like the wind.

"How far to the switch?" I asked.

"About two miles and a half."

"Will we reach it in time?"

"Dunno."

We were now on a straight track and could see the switch light at the little station at the foot of the grade and the moonlight gleaming on the rails straight as a pair of arrows for miles.

"What's that standing on the track near the top of the grade?" I asked.

Tim put his head away out of the cab window and looked. When he took it in, his face was as white as the snow. He said in a hoarse whisper:

"It isn't standin' on the track. It's comin' for us."

"Great heaven! What does it mean—a train behind, another in front?"

"Some one's bound to smash us up. There's no engine on either train. They've caught us in this scooped out country and give us the choice of being crushed from behind or in front."

"But we may reach the switch in time to avoid both."

"Whoever's done this job has been smart enough to lock the switch so that no crowbar will open it. We're done for."

Just then above the rattle there was a sound behind us as if a hill had toppled over, and, looking backward, we could see tons of mud and stones pouring over the rails. In about a minute there was a crash, and the coming freight cars were piled in a heap at the roadside. The rain had loosened a bank, and we had shaken it off.

"Any chance now at the switch?" I asked.

"Not unless they have left one end unlocked, which they haven't."

Tim reversed his engine as he spoke and whistled down brakes. We came to a stop within a quarter of a mile of the bottom. The train coming in front dashed past the station and began to rise, soon losing its speed, and when within a hundred feet of us we stopped it with a log we had put across the track. Then we hoarded and took possession of it.

We found the switch locked and spent half an hour opening and getting past it. Just as we got on a speed up the grade faster than a horse could go a company of Confederate cavalry dashed into the station.

Some one had blundered.

### COUNTY COURT DEC. 5

Forty-one of the 296 Cases on the Docket are Divorce Actions.

Judge Alfred A. Hall will preside at the next term of Windsor county Court, which convenes Tuesday, Dec. 5th.

The docket contains 296 cases. There are 41 divorce and 62 state cases.

Of the civil cases, 104 are old entries, and 45 new.

## AN EPISODE OF WARTIME DAYS

Treachery Fails to Separate Husband and Wife.

On the James river some miles below Richmond is a plantation manor house that was built in 1600. About the middle of the last century the owner of the estate was a widow, Mrs. Margaret Ritchie, who had splendid twin daughters, Barbara and Elizabeth. Mrs. Ritchie was very wealthy and very ambitious. She took her daughters to Europe with a view to their marrying noblemen. A German baron proposed for Barbara and was accepted by the mother, who did not consult her daughter in the matter, intending, if necessary, to enforce obedience. The mother did not know that Barbara had a love affair with a lieutenant in the United States army, Theodore Benton, a fine young fellow, but without a cent in the world except his pay.

On her return home Barbara met Lieutenant Benton at one of the houses facing the capitol over which soon was to float the Confederate flag. Already there were mutterings of the great struggle to come. Benton was a northern man, and both knew that this would be an additional reason why Mrs. Ritchie would never consent to their marriage. Barbara told her lover of the contract her mother had entered into in his behalf abroad. Benton urged her to marry him at once without her mother's consent, but she dared not. Soon after, while Benton and Barbara were still in Richmond, came the news of the firing on Fort Sumter. Benton hastened to find Barbara, told her that he must at once make his way north and again urged her to marry him. She consented, a clergyman was called, and the two were made man and wife. Benton reached Washington safely. Barbara went home to her mother and broke the news of her marriage.

The next summer those at the Ritchie plantation listened every day for a week to the distant boom of cannon in the battles about Richmond. Then the sounds, like a storm that had come, roared from the top of Malvern hill, but a short distance away. Evening had come and with it only the crackling of rifles on the picket line when a young officer rode up to the plantation, announced himself as Lieutenant Theodore Benton and, upon being told that the family were there, demanded to see his wife.

Mrs. Ritchie came into the drawing room and received him with a haughty manner by no means softened by the fact that he was an invader of her state and her plantation. She told him that Barbara was ill and that she did not wish to see him. When the war ended she would apply for an annulment of the marriage. Benton flatly refused to believe the statement. Since he was with an army Mrs. Ritchie could not have him ejected. She thereupon resorted to strategy.

"If my daughter comes into this room and confirms what I have said will you believe her?"

"I will."

Half an hour later a young girl stood upon the threshold, pale apparently with illness. Benton, seeing what appeared to be the shadow of his wife, stepped forward. The girl motioned him back.

"Theodore," she said, "I did wrong in marrying you without my mother's consent. Go away. I wish never to see you again."

Benton staggered from the house, mounted his horse and rode away.

Two years later Grant laid a pontoon bridge across the James, advanced to Petersburg and besieged the place. During the passage of the Union troops across the river an officer rode up to the Ritchie plantation and without dismounting handed a note addressed to Mrs. Theodore Benton. It read:

Are you of the same mind as in the summer of 1862? If so, I will go away, and when you wish an annulment of our marriage I will not oppose it.

THEODORE.

In a few minutes Barbara appeared at the door and between hysterical tears and laughter held out her arms. Benton sprang from his horse to her embrace.

The first piece of news the husband received was that Mrs. Ritchie had died; the second was an explanation of the reconciliation which had occurred when Benton had been there before. Mrs. Ritchie was a woman who when her mind was made up would stop at no means which she regarded legitimate to accomplish her object. She considered that her daughter had been stolen from her. Therefore she had a right to repossess herself of her own property. She would not lie. She had asked Benton, "If my daughter comes into this room and confirms what I have said, will you believe her?" Then she ordered Elizabeth to personate her sister, Elizabeth, without strength of character to resist her mother, had done as she was told. Barbara on the arrival of her husband had been locked in her room and had not known of the outrage that had been committed until after her mother's death, when her sister confessed and begged forgiveness.

Barbara, when she learned how she had been misrepresented to her husband, was in agony. She had resolved to go north in search of him when the Union troops appeared.

Benton sent a note to his commanding officer announcing that he had found a loving wife and asking for a furlough. It was granted, and that night the wedding was celebrated.

Of the State cases 14 are for liquor, eight adultery; four each under the fish and game law, breach of the peace and forgery; three embezzlement; two each of burglary, receiving stolen goods, rape, blanket act, larceny, Vermont statute 5454, fraud, assault, and battery; one each of horse stealing, bigamy, selling mortgaged property, perjury, defrauding innkeepers, neglecting to report contagious disease, killing deer out of season, and uttering a forged check.

## The Elm Tree Press

has printed a few notable books; very handsome, very much admired, limited editions and quite high in price. Among them are:

Fitzgerald's version of the Agamemnon of Aeschylus. Out of print.

Horace for Modern Readers, selections from Odes and Satires, with introductions, maps and illustrations. The edition is nearly exhausted. \$3.00.

St. James' Episcopal Church; a very beautiful book descriptive of the church in Woodstock. \$2.50.

The Old Librarian's Almanac, 1774. The best piece of library literature yet produced in America. Humorous and original. \$1.50.

The Library and the Librarian. A series of delightful essays on the Library from without and within. \$1.50.

Soon to be published:

Pervigilium Veneris, text and translation, by Elizabeth DuBois, of a very famous and greatly admired poem, with introduction. Hand-made paper, colored ornaments, printed with great care. 86 copies for sale. \$5.

The Letters of Horace, for Modern Readers, edited by C. L. and J. C. Dana. A modern, prose rendering of the best of Horace's letters. Introductions, notes and more than twenty illustrations and maps. \$3.

The Intellectual Torch, a reprint of a rare old book, by Dr. Jesse Torrey, 1818, devoted to the promotion of reading and the founding of libraries. \$1.

The Riddles of Symphosius, the first rendering in English, with the Latin, of the 100 Riddles in Poetry of an ancient Latin author. Full of interest for the illustrations it gives of Roman humor, to say nothing of the charms of the riddles both in the original and in the clever rhymed translations. Translator and editor, Elizabeth DuBois.

### BIRTHS

In Woodstock, Nov. 11, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Lussier.

In Evans, November 9, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Norris Wood.

In Hartland, Nov. 7, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mower.

### MARRIAGES

In Pomfret, Nov. 7, by Walter E. Perkins, justice of the peace, John W. Farrar and Minnie E. Hodgman.

In Bethel, Nov. 8, Benjamin G. Bundy and Miss Lucy M. Graham.

### DEATHS

In Pomfret, Nov. 13, Joseph A. Pitkin, in his 84th year.

In Amherst, Mass., Mrs. Minnie Raymond, formerly of Woodstock, aged 43 years.

The Paternal Idea. Miss Roxley—I lost my heart last night, pa. I accepted Mr. Poorman Mr. Roxley—Huh! You didn't lose your heart. You must have lost your head.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Universal Language. Blobbs—Do you think we shall ever have a universal language? Slobbs—We have now, when money talks.—Philadelphia Record.

There's room for everybody in this big world, but we can't all have front rooms.—Exchange.

### Was Born in Bridgewater.

A full year ago was the direct cause of the death at Taunton, Mass., recently, of William T. Fuller, judge of probate for Bristol county.

Judge Fuller, who was born in Bridgewater, Vt., in 1832, was appointed judge of probate in 1883.

Do your hens lay well?  
IF NOT, YOU SHOULD FEED THEM

## PAGE'S PERFECTED POULTRY FOOD

This Food is made up of twenty-four distinct ingredients and furnishes in convenient form those properties lacking in winter feed, but which are absolutely necessary for egg production. It not only contains material for building up the fowls, making them vigorous and able to withstand the cold, but also contains materials from which the elements of eggs are formed.

Send for our booklet "Profitable Poultry." It is free and will tell you all about this Food and what those who have used it think of it.

PAGE'S BEEF SCRAPS are becoming the standard. We have three different grades and at the prices asked, they are not excelled in any market. We also have Granulated Bone for poultry, Grit, Charcoal, Oyster Shells, Alfalfa Meal, etc. Write for prices.

If you cannot procure PAGE'S PERFECTED POULTRY FOOD from your local merchant, send us \$4.00 and we will forward a 17-lb. sack, or send us \$2.00 and we will forward a 5-lb. sack, freight prepaid to your railroad station in both cases. Kindly mention this paper when writing. Address,

CARROLL S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vt.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

SEVENTIETH YEAR

### Clubbing List

Any one of the periodicals in the following list will be sent with THE AGE for one year for the sum noted after each.

Mirror and Farmer	\$ 1.55
Boston Post, daily	3.55
New England Homestead	4.50
Boston Evening Record	3.00
Delineator and Everybody's Magazine or Woman's Home Companion	2.00
Boston Journal, daily	3.55
Boston Herald, daily	3.75
Recreation	2.50
St. Nicholas	3.50
Outlook	3.75
New York Tribune-A Week World	1.65
New York Tribune Farmer	1.60

## ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

The Age gives all the local news of the County and State.

It has opinions; it is well written, interesting, and is widely read. It has excellent miscellany, good stories. You will find it a welcome visitor in your home 52 times a year.

## The Spirit of the Age

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

### ELM TREE PRESS

FINE PUBLICATIONS.

### Geographical Puzzles.

"There are lots of puzzles in geography," said the geographer.

"Why, for instance, has the northern part of most countries got a reputation for being harder headed and more businesslike than the south?"

The Scotsman and the Yorkshireman we know. France has their counterpart in the Norman, who is distinguished for his phlegm, his energy and his business qualities, and rather pities the lazier and more hot headed south.

Similarly the Prussian is the Scotsman of Germany. Northern Italy is a hive of industry, and the man from Naples as a lazy and fractious child.

And it always is really so, but why? "And why, when a city stands on a river, is the northern half always far more important than the southern?"

Look at London, Glasgow, Newcastle, Bristol and Liverpool. The great streets and business and fashion and theater districts are always on the north bank.

"Why, too, have all the great migrations in the world's history gone westward and none east?"—London Answers.

Reasons For Pide. There was present at a certain big

dinner in England many years ago an American woman of prominence who was somewhat annoyed by a tactless Englishwoman who undertook to buffet her and who said:

"I take it for granted that you have no coats of arms in your new country."

"Of course no American family could have one unless it was borrowed from English ancestry," replied the former American.

"For instance, has your family any special cause for pride over your grandfather?" persisted this particularly tactless female cad.

Then the American woman opened up and replied as calmly as possible under the circumstances, "Not much perhaps, only that my grandfather on my mother's side received Burgoyne's sword when he surrendered at Saratoga and my grandfather on my father's side received the sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown."

Forgetful. "Is Bronson as forgetful as ever?"

"More so. Why, that fellow has to look himself up in the directory every night before he goes home from business—forgot his address."

A true record. T. O. Seaver, Judge.

A true copy of record. Attest T. O. Seaver, Judge.

## The Ottaquechee Savings Bank

Woodstock, Vermont

INCORPORATED 1847

DEPOSITS JULY 1, 1911 \$1,695,709.19

SURPLUS 160,610.1

TOTAL ASSETS \$1,856,319.30

TRUSTEES

F. S. Mackenzie Charles H. Maxham

Henry W. Walker William S. Hewitt

William S. Dewey Fred K. C. Southgate

Charles F. Chapman

From July 1, 1911, this bank proposes to pay 4 per cent. interest on deposits.

Deposits made during the first five days of any month draw interest from the first of the month. Those made after the fifth day of any month draw interest from the first day of the following month.

Interest will be credited to depositors January 1 and July 1, compounding twice a year.

The Vermont Legislature has repealed the law restricting deposits in any one savings bank to \$2000.00. This bank can now pay interest on individual deposits of any amount and all taxes will be paid by the bank. Nothing will be reported to the listers for taxation.

Safe Deposit Boxes to Rent

## E. A. SPEAR Undertaker.



Latest Methods of Embalming. Night calls promptly attended to.

## E. A. SPEAR

Woodstock Vermont

### Sunday Services.

Universalist—Rev. H. L. Canfield, pastor; morning service at 10.30, Sunday school at 11.45.

Congregational—Rev. Benjamin Swift, pastor. Morning service at 10.30, Sunday school at 11.50. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor at 7.30. Thursday evening prayer meeting at 7.30.

Methodist Episcopal—Rev. F. T. Clark, pastor. Services Sunday, Preaching, 10.30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11.45 a. m.; Thursday prayer meeting, 7.30 p. m.; Sunday evening meeting, 7.00.

Catholic—Rev. H. J. Maillet, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m.; evening service at 7.30.

Services will be held the fourth Sunday of each month at Village hall, Quebec, at 9 o'clock, and at Barnard, at the town hall, on the second Sunday of each month at 9 o'clock.

St. James Church—Rev. R. LeBlanc Lyach, rector. Morning Prayer and Sermon 10.30 a. m. Holy Communion on first Sunday in the month after Morning Prayer. Sunday School at noon. Evening Prayer and sermon 5 p. m. All are welcome.

Christian—Pastor, Rev. E. R. Phillips. Services Sunday, Preaching at 10.30 a. m. Sunday school at 11.45. Junior Y. P. S. C. E. at 5 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 7.30 p. m.; mid-week prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m.

OVER 65 YEARS EXPERIENCE

## PATENTS

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### Estate of Lyman Wilson.

STATE OF VERMONT, ss: At a Probate Court held at Woodstock, within and for said District, on the 16th day of November, A. D. 1911.

Present, Hon. Thomas O. Seaver, Judge.

In the matter of the Estate of Lyman Wilson, late of Bridgewater, in said District, deceased.

Whereas, E. A. Davis, administrator of said estate, has presented to said Court his petition in writing, praying for letters of said all real estate of which said intestate died seized and possessed, situate in this State, representing that such said will be beneficial to the heirs of said intestate and to all concerned.

Therefore, the Court appoints the 4th day of December, A. D. 1911, as a time and place for hearing and deciding on said petition, and orders that notice of said petition be given to the heirs of said intestate and to all persons interested in said estate, by publication in the Spirit of the Age, a newspaper published at Woodstock in this State, which circulates in the neighborhood of those interested in said estate, the last of said publications to be previous to said time of hearing, that all persons concerned in the premises may appear before said Court and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

A true record. Attest

T. O. Seaver, Judge.

A true copy of record. Attest

T. O. Seaver, Judge.